

CAST - OFF FINERY.

Widow McShane Purveys It from Scores of Rich Ladies.

Poems in Silk and Lace Bought and Sold for a Song.

She Tells How She Buys and Sells Again to Poorer Women.

A snug and tidy little body is the Widow McShane.

She has ruddy cheeks and there is just a suspicion of gray in her dark hair. A sharp-pointed nose above a small, firm mouth and a pair of small, shrewd eyes of that peculiar shade of gray which is known as "Irish blue" indicates the Vagabond.



THE WIDOW McSHANE.

You may see the little widow, any afternoon if you call at her hodge-podge store on Madison street, or if you have more rich finery than ready cash just drop her a line and she will visit you any fine morning in your boudoir.

A dicer of little woman is Mary Jane McShane, and you need have no fear that your trunkful of reverses or your plain lack of pin money will be any more publicly known after you have met her than it was before you molested, perforce, the closet of your dress and exposed the grim skeleton of her sharp little gray eyes.

"Cash paid for cast-off wearing apparel, jewelry, old gold or silver, furniture, &c., to charitable ladies who find themselves overburdened with useless articles too good for servants and not serviceable for poor people."

That's the Widow McShane's card. She'll buy everything that you desire to sell, from grandfather's clock in the garret, down through the house to the half-worn shoes that the housemaid has made a small museum of in the cellar.

"I visit families who are going into mourning," says Mrs. McShane. "I buy all of the finery that must be given up during the period of black. Come in and see."

You enter, through a labyrinth of common place furniture, a little wilderness of everything. There is an underbrush of old bureaus, sideboards, tables and sofas, and a forest foliage of chairs, stools and other small furniture.

On the log of one upturned chair lies a silver tankard that has held water in the lobby of a Fifth Avenue mansion. Thrown over another topmost branch are the heavy folds of velvet portieres of peacock blue, bordered in massive bronze.

On the bottom of an overturned chair sits a glorious vase, beautiful sample of Chinese pottery, to be had for a song, though its enthusiastic former owner paid handsomely for it in the days when he was flush and bric-a-brac was his fact.

An elaborate French clock is on the toppling edge of a three-legged bureau of the Colonial period, and beside it sits one of those silver heaters from which old Irish life turned the steaming water into your toddy when you visited him last winter before the slump in Wall street.

A narrow path you follow in the wake of the trim little Widow McShane through this wilderness and into "the back room."



SOME PURCHASES.

The back room is twelve feet square, but there's never a place to set your foot, and bidding you to follow her example, the little widow throws herself upon a big pile that looks as if it might be composed of the departed glories of many a callroom and festal scene.

Somehow the widow manages to reach the other side of the pile, and after a few deft movements and the transfer of a second pile to nobody knows where she discloses to you a big armchair, into which you slide from off the pile.

Mrs. McShane mauls over the pile over which she and her visitor have just passed, and fishes out a rumpled gown. It is, or was once, a gorgeous thing—a very poem in the softest, most delicate pink satin. It has a full train, and its laced top once displayed soft, round shoulders and a pretty bust. It was a dinner dress to My Fine Lady before the fall-in stocks. It is covered with silk tulle, all dotted with jewel trimmings.

and if I get \$14 for it I will make my decent profit," says the Widow McShane with a business-like air.

"Some shrewd girl who has a mother or sisters to look after will add to the list such things new will get it for that," and she'll be the wiser.

"Here's this wine-colored silk velvet gown with this heavy and rich corded silk trim, it cost \$20, if it did a penny, it's just as good as the day it was made."



FRONT OF THE WIDOW'S STORE.

male. Not a spot nor a crease in it. Right in the height of fashion, for it was made only a few weeks ago, but if I get more than \$20 or \$25 for it from some Connoisseur variety store, I'll be astonished.

"You see, My Lady, I find it, and he she she had other never gowns, so she made me take it with the rest. It was one of a big lot, and the money I sold for them will be set aside by my customer to buy her own private charities."

"Who are my customers?" Every body. That is, anybody that's anybody. Every morning I take my little black bag and visit my customers. They wait for me. I never go otherwise. Old customers recommend me to their friends and in that way I get new customers.

"Here's these who are going into mourning. There's those who have not with financial reverses and must get money some way. There's those who have more clothing than they want and don't want to see their servants wearing the gowns that were good enough for themselves once. There's those scheming ones who calculate to save the price of the gown in every seven by selling the old ones, and then there's those rich women who reluctantly sell their cast-off gowns for money to use in charitable work."

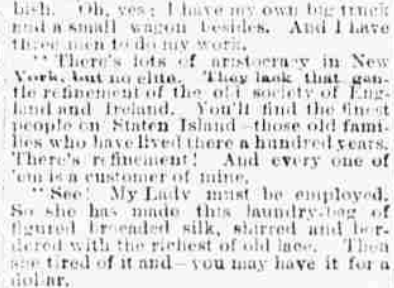
"Things are sold off, too, when estates are being put up for sale and divided."

"Then, once in a while, I get a customer not only hand-me-down to me, but entirely new to the business of selling her cast-offs. Some folks would think it a bit to sell anything, and they are packed away in cupboards and closets in big trunks in the garret, till one day they come over that Mrs. So-and-So, their very friend who is the embodiment of good-nature, the pink of refinement, the perfection of good judgment, and perfect good generally, sells her old gowns to the red-faced little woman, and they send her a line."

"Then I call with my little black bag and buy a couple of old gowns. Oh, yes, I have my own big trunk and a small wagon besides. And I have three men to do my work."

"You're a lot of good usage in New York, but no elite. They look that you're the refinement of the old society of England and Ireland. You'll find the fine people on Staten Island—those old families who have lived there a hundred years. There's refinement! And every one of 'em a customer of mine."

"See! My Lady must be employed. So she has made this laundrying of black, brown, and red, and she has made it with the richest of old lace. This is a pair of it and—you may have it for a dollar."



AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY CORNER.

This banneret was the amusement of her idle moments for many years. On white satin, trimmed with silk tassels and wrought in delicately shaded silks.

Here are five yards in full sail. There is the light-house, the foam-crested waves lashing against its base. In the background a bluff, and in the distance the large-curtained peak of a mountain. On its slope an ancient castle, and all framed in with the foliage and stalk and tuft of the cotton fan, and all at distance in these myriad stitches of silk.

"You couldn't get a banneret made like that for less than \$250, but my customer was that of a woman who had asked if I may get \$25 for it," said the brisk little widow, in interruption of her visitor's thoughts.

"How do I meet a new customer? Well, I am cautious. If it is a case of reverses, I soon know it, though it is never mentioned. I can tell by the anxious air of the poor that she is in a hurry, and though the little widow has a reputation for being hard at driving a bargain, I let them have their own way and my good money—unless they are mean."

"Upper-ten people, when they get reduced, are grabbing money, and then I am in a hurry to tell them they want more than I offer. Then I rump what the little black bag and leave them. They needn't pay for me next day, for I am always too busy."

"Mrs. A. hears how much Mary Jane McShane gave for Mrs. B.'s adorable gown. She sends for the widow. She tells the red-faced little woman that she gave \$250 for this gown and \$300 for that."

"Listen, I do not dispute nor question, but I know the truth and I do not buy. I take hers."

"But the middle poor get reckless in hard luck. When the man has been unable to get work and they are obliged to sell their finery and their furniture—then is the only time Mary Jane McShane is weak."

"There was one poor man, a very poor man. All the goods he had left were not worth more than \$12. Everything else had gone to the pawnshop."

"Give me \$10," said he. "I must get to Chicago to get work."

"Well, take your \$10," says I. "but I'll lose money on it."

"I'll not," says he. "I'll pay back every penny."

"Sure enough, he did. He got on his feet again, visited New York, stayed at the hotel and gave one of my men an envelope containing \$5 and interest and went away again."

"Greater experiences? I should say no! Are you superstitious? No; hear this:

"I went to see an old customer on Staten Island. Says she, 'I have a skull of a woman, and ever since it has been in the house it's been nothing but hard luck. Will you buy it?'

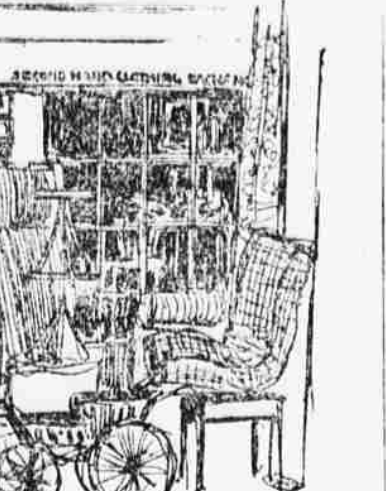
"Of course I will," says I. "Why not?'

"Nothing, only I thought all Irish people were superstitious."

"Well, then, I'm not," says I, and I

"Coming home, sir, on the way down to the ferry, the suit of the little woman broke and the end ran into the horse's stomach. That night burglars broke into the store and a day or two later thieves got into my house."

"I told the story of the ill luck to the manager of the Windsor Theatre, but he wouldn't take it. I gave up the suit, and carried it away. That night it was a running fight with the security of the 'Two



WIDOW'S STORE.

Orphans" at the Windsor, and the skull was given to one of the uptown theatres. Two fires got started in the scenery up there before they burned the place."

"You're just in time to help me unpack this big trunkful that I bought in Madison Avenue, this morning," rattled on the little widow, and she turned a tiny key in a lock at each end of the big Saratoga and threw back the lid.

Released from their confinement, silks and satins, full of the life which distinguishes them, fluffed and arose like bubbles under the water.

"On the very top was a bundle of false fronts of soft brown hair."

"What in the world will you do with them?" the visitor enquired.

"Oh, all's fish that comes to my net. A hair dealer will take them," returned the singular Widow McShane.

"Trunkful and trunks I send over to John Holland in Flatbush. He keeps a liquor store, but he has two or three barrels stored with ancient furniture, I believe, and the like. He's a large dealer in such things."



BEHIND A SPOONFUL OF CROW.

"Jewelry, mostly, is sold gold to me, and I send it to a granulator to be melted. They say it is remarkable how sure I am in testing gold without acids or a chisel."

"I never buy from the big hot lot and store away in the other end of the street, and ordinary every-day furniture here, dinner gowns, party dresses and morning wraps, opera cloaks and wraps and fancy work. I don't keep them on hand very long and I sell them right here."

"My customers for such things are variety actresses, who wear the finery on the stage, working girls and now and then some women from the middle class. They can get a few dollars here, while they could never hope to obtain new without a decided enlargement of their income."

But to return to that big, bulging trunk. The Widow McShane, keeping up a constant verbal fire, drew out of that Pandora's box, Pandora's box, which ever version of the mythological story you accept, for it was full of glorious treasures, but I must leave you to discover the rest of the world, who crossed the ocean to cater for the title. Mr. Casey is an ex-Alderman, but a well-paying business has dissipated the charm of politics. His handball court is second to none in the world in appointment, and is patronized by many well-known people from both sides of the bridge. Squander will spend many a night there bunting away, preparatory to his battle."

Garry Adams, the son of his father of tuff-fruited fame, has returned from a prolonged visit to Florida and other parts of healthful interest. In the south, Mr. Adams's classic features are well known in society circles, but as they are to a large and ever-growing circle of friends about town. He is one of the few friends who have placed him in the contest for the title of the "Harry Wall of Brooklyn."

DEATHS IN BROOKLYN.

The following is the official list, containing the name of every person in Brooklyn over ten years of age whose death was reported to the Department of Health yesterday:

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.; ANASTAS BLANK, 75, No. 153 57th st.

A REAL NEWSPAPER'S REAL SPORTING EXTRA!

THE EVENING WORLD

SPORTING EDITION.

In THE EVENING WORLD'S Sporting Extra you will find

The best daily racing accounts;

The best daily column of sporting gossip;

The most timely cartoons;

The best Wall Street summary and tables;

The best general news of each Day;

The best Evening Paper that ONE CENT can buy.

IT COVERS THE WHOLE FIELD.

"THE TURF" is a daily column in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra.

It is a most interesting department to all followers of racing events, presenting, as it does, general racing news, notes and commentaries, information as to the condition of horses named for coming events, and timely tips on racers whose form makes them worthy the attention of speculators. Prepared by a special writer.

SPORTING GOSSIP, attractively presented, is a daily feature of THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra. The general news and announcements of the athletic clubs, the latest developments and promised events in pugilism, aquatics and all general sports are found in this department, which is always up to the times and up to the readers' demand. All prepared by a special writer.

SPORTING DATES.—A calendar printed daily in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra, giving times and places of coming athletic and general sporting events, of local bearing.

What "The Evening World" Sporting Extra Does:

It knocks out time;
It distances Competition;
It always makes a hit.

WHAT IT DOES NOT:

It never strikes out;
It never "Quits";
It is never caught napping.

RACING ACCOUNTS, daily, in THE EVENING WORLD

Sporting Extra. The most complete stories of events on the track put in type the same day they occur.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out the poisons of Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Debility, and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the whole system. Dr. C. D. Moss, of Cabell C. H., W. Va., voices the experience of scores of eminent physicians, when he testifies: "I have used AYER'S Sarsaparilla with abundant success. In tubercular deposit and all forms of scrofulous disease, I have scarcely ever known it to fail. As an alternative, it is beyond all praise, both for old and young."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

For Scrofula
Catarrh
Rheumatism
Debility